

WILL NOT RUN AWAY.

John L. Sullivan Says He Will Take His Medicine Like a Man. FLIGHT WOULD BE NO USE. He Does Not Think a Year in Mississippi a Dreadful Thing. PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING TOUR. The Big Champion Will Spend the Next Two Weeks at Home in Boston.

Pugilist Sullivan arrived in New York last night and will leave for Boston to-day for the next two weeks. He has no intention of running away, but will face the music. He thinks there will be money in the prospective tour.

PHILADELPHIA, August 19.—When the Chicago limited express rolled into Broad street station at 5:30 this afternoon the champion pugilist, John L. Sullivan, was found reclining in one of the plush-covered chairs in the station of the Pullman sleeper Germany, which was attached to the train. He was engaged in the perusal of a daily paper and paused in his reading to calmly survey the crowd that had surrounded the car as soon as it became known that the famous pugilist was one of its occupants.

He was on his way to New York and was accompanied by his friend Matt Cline, who has been his constant attendant during his recent trial in Mississippi. The crowd that was in the depot and about to board the outgoing train evinced the liveliest desire to see the fight here. They swarmed about the platform of the sleeper, clambered up to the windows and tried in every way to attract his attention, but they were doomed to disappointment, as the great man showed no disposition to gratify their curiosity.

and calmly remained in the compartment, the ground glass partitions of which effectually concealed him from view. Many of the curious people tarried so long in hopes of seeing the champion that they missed their trains, and finally the crowd became so noisily clamorous that the Pullman men were ordered to clear the platform, which they succeeded in doing by dint of hard shoving and vehement expostulating. The crowd was not prevailed upon to disperse until the train started on its run to New York, and the big fellow eyed the disappointed people contemptuously as he rolled out of the station.

A DISPATCHER, who was admitted to the pugilist's compartment during the few minutes the train stopped in Philadelphia, was cordially received. He found the champion sitting in the same place, and he seemed satisfied with himself and his position. He was dressed in a traveling costume, consisting of a negligee shirt, with black necktie and trousers, and wore neither coat nor hat. When the reporter was introduced the pugilist removed a fragrant cigar from his mouth and extended his hand in greeting.

KEEPING QUIET. He did not seem to be interviewed, and so expressed himself, but a little later he caused him to relinquish his idea of maintaining a strict silence for a few minutes he talked quite freely. "I have nothing to say that has not already been published," he said, "and, besides, I think the least said is the soonest mended." Then the big fellow relaxed his silence and answered the reporter's questions. After a brief pause an idea seemed to strike him and he said:

"You, I have something to say. I just read in some of your friends want me to sneak out of the country for a while. They think I would have immunity from punishment on coming back to America after spending a few months in the penitentiary. I don't know whether I shall take any such course, but I don't think I will. If I do, the company will be composed of the very best people, and I am positive there's a big money in it, and money is what I'm after. I can't tell you where New York, and then go to Boston for two weeks."

Just then the train commenced to move and the champion was good-bye with an air of great relief. He appeared anxious to get away and said he would be in New York not later than 7 o'clock. A dispatch from New York, says: John L. Sullivan arrived on the 7 o'clock train to-night, in Jersey City. He was accompanied only by Mr. Matthew Cline, the proprietor of the Vanderbilt Hotel. At the depot to meet him were Charles Johnson, Jim Wakely, John Brennan, and Jack Barnett. The party arrived at the Vanderbilt Hotel at 8:40. A brass band accompanied Sullivan to the hotel.

KILRAIN WILL GO SOUTH. No Danger of Either of the Pugilists Ever Being Imprisoned. SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. BALTIMORE, August 19.—There was a rumor here to-day that Kilrain had skipped town. It was not at home to Kilrain, nor could he be found at his accustomed haunts. The city detectives were reticent when asked whether the report was true, but Detective Childs openly stated that he knew where to find Kilrain when he wanted him.

"Jake understands the situation exactly," said he this evening, "and will accompany me to Mississippi to-morrow. He will not wait until Thursday when his case comes up on a writ of habeas corpus. I have had a long talk with him, and he knows that neither he nor Sullivan will ever serve as one month in prison. The same mode of procedure as that practiced in Sullivan's case will be followed in Kilrain's. An appeal will be taken and by the time the case comes up for action it will be practically abandoned. Governor Lowry is not so much after Sullivan and Kilrain as he is after the railroad people, but he cannot get at the accessories without first showing up the principals. You mark what I tell you, Jake will go with me, and he can be back this time next week if he desires."

Receiving Messages by Sound. Washington Post. "How queer it seems," said William H. Young, night manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office in this city, "when I recall an order issued by the telegraph companies just before the war which imposed a fine on any operator who received messages by sound. Now an operator is not worthy the name if he cannot work by sound, and it's very rare to have a careful man make a mistake."

HE STOPPED THE CLOCK.

How the Wife of a Governor of New York Got Ahead of Him. Brooklyn Standard-Union. Many a married man in Brooklyn knows what it is to come home a good deal later at night than he knows will meet with the fullest approval of his better half. To these as well as others, this story of ex-Governor Alonzo B. Cornell, which is told by a lady from Ithaca, the Governor's birthplace, will have a special point and meaning: When Mr. Cornell was in office at Albany he would sometimes return home at night very late, and when his wife woke up, as she always did, and asked him what time it was, he always replied that it was "about 12" or "a little after midnight."

One night, instead of making the usual inquiry, she said: "Alonzo, I wish you would stop that clock, I cannot sleep for its noise." All unsuspecting the Governor stopped the pendulum, and in the morning when he awoke he found the clock stopped at 12. "Oh, my wife, what time did you get home last night?" "About midnight," he replied. "Alonzo, look at that clock." The hands of the clock pointed at 12:30, and of course Mr. Cornell was surprised, but he afterward concluded the story was too good to keep and he gave it away to his friends, possibly as containing a lesson and a warning.

NAGLE A BAD MAN.

Terry Should Have Known Who He Was Fooling With. Chicago Mail. Nagle, the deputy marshal whose deadly promptness abruptly terminated Judge Terry's career, is not, from all accounts, a person to trifle with. If Terry had but posted himself on the previous career of this quiet, retiring man he would have taken a company of troops and a Gatling gun along if he expected to do any killing. Nagle is a man who in the Western parlance, "has several notches on his gun." He carries an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading Colt's revolver, preferring not to trust to the integrity of Connecticut's manufacture. This old-fashioned implement cut off six of Tombs's most talented gentry one night in the bloom of their youth.

Nagle even yet got down on Nagle, and few who knew him in his palmist days ever tried it. Judge Terry certainly ought to have known better than to slap a man's face in California anyway. It might go elsewhere. In the Eastern States he would have been knocked down. In the South it would have caused a duel. Both impulsive Westerners are so bubbling over with vitality that they can't wait to talk the thing over and consider methods. In fact, they never learned more than one method, but that method is mighty fetching.

QUEER MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

Drumming for Rain and Driving the Devil Out of the Dead. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Mexicans have some queer customs which have no doubt been handed down from the time of the Montezumas. In the interior districts, away from civilization, they are extremely superstitious. When they have a long drought, the men and women gather together in the village and perform a procession. At the head will be two men with drums, the others bearing images of the saints, then a line of black-headed women, followed by the rabble. This procession will march up and down through the village, over the hills, beating the drum like mad, shrieking and wailing, and praying for rain. They think this up and down until rain comes in answer to their prayers and celebrate it with a big feast.

When a man or a woman dies without a priest being called in attendance, they believe that the body is inhabited by the devil, and it is absolutely necessary that he be gotten out before the burial. In the more ignorant districts they lay the body out on a block and beat it with clubs until it is nothing but a mass of flesh. Then the devil is supposed to have been run out.

ORIGIN OF BLACK MARIA.

How the Prisoners' Private Carriage Acquired Its Name. Boston Globe. Way back in the twilight of the settlement of Boston Maria Lee, a colored woman of gigantic stature, possessing the courage of a lion, kept a sailors' boarding house down at the old North End. One night a party of drunken tars got into a row, and began throwing the Amazon's chattels out of her house. The "watch" was called, and the police came. Maria Lee, however, and dismay spread abroad through the street. Then Maria stalked out of her habitation and stopped further outrage by collaring two of the leading offenders and carrying them bodily up to the old "watch house," then standing near where Union street now crosses Hanover street.

"Black Maria" was known throughout the city for her prodigious strength, and for years she aided the police in quelling riots and had been known to take three strong men to the "watch house" at once, or at one time. So years afterward, when the first car was built, it was called the "Black Maria"—hence the name.

WASHINGTON ETIQUETTE.

An Associate Which Illustrates Its Peculiarities in a Striking Way. Washington Post. Washington etiquette is a book by itself. No other city or capital furnishes us with a code. It is sui generis and must be learned by heart. When the last administration was yet young and long before the President had sought his charming and beautiful bride, Mrs. Cleveland determined to give a Senatorial reception. Announcing to the date his faithful secretary, he left the details entirely to Dan. Dan simply sent a notice of the reception to the papers and dispensed with the formality of cards and embossed stationery.

A large majority of the Upper House attended without further ceremony, overlooking the breach of etiquette. Among those coming for the first time was Senator Stanford, of California. He was asked the reason of his failure to attend by a good questioner. "Ah," he replied, rising slightly on his heels, "I didn't get a marked copy of the paper."

WHY THE WIDOW WAS SAD.

She Could Not Bear the Thought of the Inevitable Stepfather. Chattanooga Times. Speaking of widows marrying made me think of an incident that happened near where I lived way back in the fifties. I lived next door to Dick Tolbot. He had five little brats. Dick went off hunting one day and shot his leg. It was mighty bad weather, and at last the doctors gave up on him and he died. He lingered along for several months and then died at last. I was there the night he died. His wife took on mighty bad. Some of the neighbors went to her to console her, but I don't know. At last I went to the seemingly heart-broken wife and told her that poor Dick was gone, and told her it did no good to "take on." "I can't help it," she said, and continuing, pointing toward her children, said: "Just think that these poor children will have to come under a stepfather. It is more than I can bear."

CAN'T CONVERT THEM.

A Chinaman Explains Why Christian Missions in His Country ARE ALWAYS GRAND FAILURES. American Missionaries Are Not Austere or Dignified Enough. THEY RIDICULE CHINESE DOCTRINES. And Do Other Things Which Fail to Properly Impress the Celestials.

A Chinaman's reasons why Christian missions in China are a failure are given concisely by a Celestial journalist now engaged on a New York paper. His people want more dignity and austerity in the pulpit and a little more pomp in religious ceremonies.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, August 19.—Wong Chin Foo, a highly educated Chinaman, connected with the press of this city, has prepared the following for publication: Lieutenant Wood, U. S. N., in the Colorado Republican, nearly hit the mark when he said that Christian missions in China are "a failure," but he did not give the reason of that failure. In one respect the Christian teachers in China have been a great benefit to the native longers. They have lived in style and how to employ "Christian methods" to obtain modern luxuries, and by sowing discontent among the masses generally. If they could only "convert" the Emperor of China, they would have the Mikado of Japan, they would probably lend him enough money on his property to own a part of the throne.

WHERE THEY ARE HURT. Already the consumption of American petroleum has greatly reduced the profits of the home oil manufacturers of Northern China nearly 25 per cent within the past few years. American cotton goods, produced by their labor-saving machines, are not supplanting the native hand looms, and firearms are taking the place of the primitive bow and arrow.

These results are principally brought about by the talented missionaries who have learned the native tongue and are conversant with the Chinese. They are English-speaking traders who have had a hard time in introducing their wares, no matter how useful. But spiritually their mission is undone. They have been in some religious meeting or reunion, were parting from each other and in all probability would never meet again on this side of the river. They had said "good bye, brother," "good bye, sister, God bless you," over and over again when one of the aged band remarked: "It is hard to part." The next morning a great quivering old voice struck up in a tremulous soprano:

"There'll be no parting there."

In a moment the whole group joined in. The old man swung in on the bass, and the "girl who sang alto, the girl who sang air" sang in as more voices joined in, and some feeble lungs to the utmost. The words came as by inspiration:

"To have heaven, where all is love, There'll be no parting there." Then a chorus of voices from the next room struck in as more voices joined in, and some feeble lungs to the utmost. The words came as by inspiration:

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THE SINGING GRASSHOPPER.

A Remarkable Musical Performance by South American Insects. Longman's Magazine. I was once engaged in the arduous and monotonous task of driving a large number of sheep a distance of 200 miles in excessively hot weather, when sheep prefer standing still to traveling. Five or six gauchos were with me, and we were on the southern pampas of Buenos Ayres, near a long precipitous stony sierra, which rose to a height of 600 or 700 feet above the plain. Who that has traveled for 18 days on a dead level in the broiling sun can resist a hill? The storm was more sublime to us than Concomadua, than Illimani. Leaving the sheep I rode to it with three of the men, and after securing our horses on the lower slope we began our laborious ascent. Now, the gauchos, when taken from his horse, on which he lives like a kind of parasite, is a very slow-moving creature, and I soon left my companions far behind of me. Coming to a place where ferns and flowering herbage grew thick, I began to hear all about me sounds of a character utterly unlike any natural sound. It was accompanied with innumerable low, clear voices tinkling or pealing like minute sweet-toned, resonant bells—for the sounds were purely metallic and perfectly bell-like. I was completely rapt and could not hear the mysterious music, and as I walked it rose and sank rhythmically, keeping time to my steps. I stood still, and immediately the sounds ceased. I took a step forward, and again the fairy bells were set ringing, as if at each step my foot touched a central meeting place of a thousand radiating threads, each thread attached to the bell of a little bell hanging concealed among the herbage.

I waited for my companions and called their attention to the phenomenon, and to them also it was a new and mysterious thing. "It is the bell snake!" cried one excitedly. This is the rattlesnake, but at that time I had no experience of this reptile. I knew that it was wrong. Yet how natural the mistake! The Spanish name of "bell snake" had made him imagine that the whirling sound of the vibrating rattles resembling muffled cymbals music, is really bell-like in character. Eventually we discovered that the sound was made by grasshoppers; but they were seen only to be lost, for I could not capture one, and I have since taken the place of the perpetual ringing of their own little tocsins made them.

There'll be no parting there. A Pathetic Scene of Song in a Michigan Railroad Station. Detroit Free Press. There was a pretty pathetic scene down at the Michigan Central depot one night last week. A group of aeples and women who had been here participating in some religious meeting or reunion, were parting from each other and in all probability would never meet again on this side of the river. They had said "good bye, brother," "good bye, sister, God bless you," over and over again when one of the aged band remarked: "It is hard to part." The next morning a great quivering old voice struck up in a tremulous soprano:

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RAILROADS.

PITTSBURGH AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD. Company's Schedule in effect June 2, 1889. P. & L. E. R. R.—Depart for Cleveland, 8:00 a. m.; for Buffalo, 8:30 a. m.; for Detroit, 9:00 a. m.; for Chicago, 9:30 a. m.; for St. Louis, 10:00 a. m.; for St. Paul, 10:30 a. m.; for Minneapolis, 11:00 a. m.; for St. Paul, 11:30 a. m.; for Minneapolis, 12:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 12:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 1:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 1:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 2:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 2:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 3:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 3:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 4:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 4:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 5:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 5:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 6:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 6:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 7:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 7:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 8:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 8:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 9:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 9:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 10:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 10:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 11:00 p. m.; for St. Paul, 11:30 p. m.; for Minneapolis, 12:00 a. m.; for St. Paul, 12:30 a. m.; for Minneapolis, 1:00 a. m.; for St. Paul, 1:30 a. m.; 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